

THE  
FOUNDLINGS.

AN  
ELEGY.



L O N D O N :

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T H E  
F O U N D L I N G S.

*Matris ad Arbitrium recisos —* H O R.

**F**AR from the madding Tumults of the Town,  
Which where bright *Thought* should reign usurp the  
Seat ;  
Far from those Tempests which *Reflection* drown,  
I seek with breathless Haste a calm Retreat :

There on some moss-grown Bank supinely laid,      X  
Where close-entwining Boughs exclude the Day ;  
Save when by quick short Fits amid the Glade,  
Sol feebly darts a breeze conducted Ray ;

B

Or

Or when the Silver-mantled Queen of Night,  
 In silent Pomp leads forth her shining Train;  
 When fancy'd Spectres Guilt-struck Minds affright,  
 Then wakeful stretch'd along the desert Plain;

Thee, *lonely Contemplation!* to enjoy,  
 To whom fair *Science* owes her humble Birth;  
 Thy heav'nly Sweets to taste, which ne'er can cloy,  
 And Rapture-borne range far above the Earth—

Now the hoarse Murmurs of the distant Throng  
 Subsiding, faintly strike the vacant Ear;  
 And that rude Din which erst impell'd so strong,  
 Now scarcely undulates the whisp'ring Air:

Here let me rest—Hence view with Thought serene,  
 Those Realms of wretched Grandeur, glitt'ring Woe;  
 —A sable Cloud o'erhangs the giddy Scene,  
 And sheds dark Influence on each Mind below:

But



But see — pure Glory streams along the Plain,  
 From yon blest Pile, which *Virtue's* Hand did raise ;  
 Where *Charity* extends her welcome Reign,  
 And *Innocence* her tender Rule obeys :

From *Cruelty's* enfanguin'd Jaw secure,  
 Whose Rage, too oft, *Necessity* commands ;  
 There rest the helpless Offspring of the Poor ;  
 Thence lift to Heav'n their Aid-imploing Hands :

Snatch'd from the Source whence their Existence rose,  
 (Links broke abrupt from Nature's lengthen'd Chain)  
 Like tender Saplings which some Tempest blows,  
 Torn from their Oak, and scatters o'er the Plain.

Till on the Zephyrs friendly Bosom borne,  
 Into some shelter'd Corner of the Grove ;  
 Where taking Root they soon forget to mourn,  
 And seem to burst with Gratitude and Love.

The doting Fondness of a Mother's Heart,  
 That anxious Love which fills a Father's Breast,  
 To these their lenient Balm did ne'er impart,  
 Ne'er hush'd their infant Sorrows into Rest ;

No Friend their dubious riper Steps to guide,  
 Thro' *Care's* dark Gloom, or *Pleasure's* flow'ry Maze,  
 No partial Hand their youthful Faults to hide,  
 Or Merit's budding Shoot indulgent raise :

The Spurns of *Insolence*, the Mocks of *Scorn*,  
 The supercilious Frown of cold *Disdain*,  
 The wanton Pow'r of *Baseness* nobly born,  
 Doom'd, weak, forlorn, defenceless, to sustain.

But let not Fortune's favour'd Sons despise  
 Their scanty Portion, dealt by niggard Fate ;  
 O'er Halcyon Seas oft sudden Storms arise :  
 Pearls (once but Drops) now deck the Pomp of State :

Tho'

Tho' their fond Bosoms never knew the Joys,  
Which from a Parent's soft Endearments flow,  
Their tranquil Hours no tort'ring Grief annoys,  
Strangers alike to deep-imprinted Woe.

(Yet now and then (I ween) a rising Sigh  
Obeys instinctive, Nature's secret Call ;  
And from each pensive, yet untroubled Eye,  
Spontaneous Tears, involuntary fall.)

Debarr'd, unknown untasted Bliss, the Mind  
Ne'er mourns; 'tis some lov'd Loss gives Sorrow Weight :  
*Comfort* still follows, fraught with Sweets, behind,  
And qualifies each bitter Draught of *Fate* :

Haply, some gen'rous Patron each may claim,  
Well pleas'd the Sparks of inborn Fire to fan,  
To kindle glowing Genius into Flame,  
And raise the Child by *Wisdom's* Scale, to Man :

Whose

Whose useful Lessons, while the Lad receives,  
 His grateful Mind a noble Ardour fires,  
 With Transport his enraptur'd Bosom heaves,  
 And Love ineffable his Soul inspires.

Nature can ne'er in *dull Stagnation* sleep,  
 Her *active Springs* still force resistless Way;  
 And tho' awhile obscure, they *darkling creep*,  
 They *rise* at last and brighten into Day.

That Love refin'd, whose *genial Current* feeds  
 Th'*extensive Ocean* of parental Care,  
 From it's *due Channel* turn'd, it's Bounds exceeds;  
 And tow'rd's each Friend *o'erflows* the Father's Share.

F I N I S.